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In the Easter Parade

Bab Takes Snap Shots of New York's Celebrities---Fashionables on Fifth Avenue.

There is only one day in the year when Dame Fashion permits her followers to appear on Fifth avenue on Sunday, and that is when the bells are ringing in the story of the Easter joy and all the world seems happy and bright. Then Miss Fuss-and-Feathers, whose father numbers his dollars by the millions, and Miss Blue Blood, whose father has fewer dollars and more ancestors, with Mrs. Velvet, are seen in the most wonderful procession of the year. It starts just after church, and it is all over about 3 o'clock. In it are all sorts and conditions of gowns, and of it are all sorts and conditions of souls. Then the avenue looks like a flower bed. The most dignified old lady is radiant in a bonnet covered with violets, while anybody under seventy—and nowadays seventy is only counted elderly—wears a headdress whereon the flowers of the field and those of the conservatory meet in great masses and reckless abandon.

The gowns are not so gay. There is a distinct liking among the matrons for heavy black satin made rich with ruffles edged with fine French lace, while the younger women are in perfectly fitted frocks of some soft wool that is either the new blue, a silver gray, a jet black or one of the popular shades of purple.

Purple reigns supreme. The milliner tells you that there are forty-five different shades of it, so that it may be adapted to any type of woman from an ashen blond to the darkest brunette.

SEEN ON FIFTH AVENUE.

The men in the Easter parade look as only New York men do look—smart, not only to their finger, but to their boot tips. Their frock coats are made of English cloth, but are cut and fitted so exactly that one is certain no English tailor ever had his scissors in them.

As you are a popular man, you have been to church. A popular man always goes to church. You are walking up the avenue with the intention of lunching at your club, and watching from its window the parade of living flowers that will pass by. Your hand is on your hat every minute. First, you bow to a dignified, rather fair woman whose face is more intellectual than beautiful, whose costume is decidedly English, and who has the reputation—and you remind your self of it—of being one of the best woman writers in this country, and belonging to one of its most aristocratic families, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, jolly Frank Griswold's sister.

A minute later and you are bowing to a stately, richly dressed woman whose gown hints of Felix in its superb black satin, with its jet trimmings and queer, quaint, coarse white lace—a dark haired, dark-eyed woman with that air of having been descended from the few families who swam around in a special ark of their own during the flood. Her air is peculiar to Philadelphia women. You mean peculiar to Philadelphia women? You mean peculiar to Philadelphia women of the exclusive set, and surely as you greet with extreme deference Mrs. Cadwallader Jones—you confess her charms and her intellect, but most of all, her blue blood.

PLENTY OF PHILADELPHIANS.

Another Philadelphia! How Philadelphia women do marry New Yorkers! But this is a younger woman, a pretty woman, though a dark woman, a woman who is beautiful—yes—but then you hesitate and remember when lovely Marion Langdon, with her patrician air and her finely cut features, was the beauty of New York, and you look again and think, "Yes, Mrs. John Jacob Astor is a beautiful woman, but her beauty is a little too intense for perfection." Her hair and eyes are too black and her color is too high.

Here's another dark beauty, one who has gained the catch of the avenue, the one to whom the greater number of the Mackay dollars will go—Miss Katherine Duer—a gay, dashing girl, who is very popular. Her friends call her "Kitty," and she has been credited with having had more proposals than any other of the lovely girls who were the bridesmaids of the Duchess of Marlborough.

TWO BALTIMORE BRIDES.

You raise your hat to a dashing woman—that is the hat you use—a woman

man who looks as if fear were unknown to her and as if she had determined to get as much enjoyment out of life as possible. With her is a well-dressed man, very dark, with hair that suggests its having been treated to a coat of shoe polish, it shines so. What is there that is odd about his face? Look again. One-half of his mustache is black, the other half is perfectly white. Ah, now you know Mr. Frederick Gebhard, and with him the gay Baltimore girl whose madcap pranks were the talk of her city. You remember seeing Mr. Gebhard some years ago, don't you? You think of him as a young man, and yet he looks old and wise, as if the world held nothing of interests to him.

By the by, there goes another Baltimore

amusement is Mrs. Burke-Roche. Such a beauty—dainty, delicate and refined! She is especially the American type, and beside her and very good duplicates of her are her little daughter Cynthia and her twin sons.

A great many of the fashionable women, my friend, make very good mothers. They never make the mistake, made too often by women who cannot afford it, of overpressing their children. The child of the millionaire is certain to be dressed simply, its clothes being chosen with an idea of fitness and good sense.

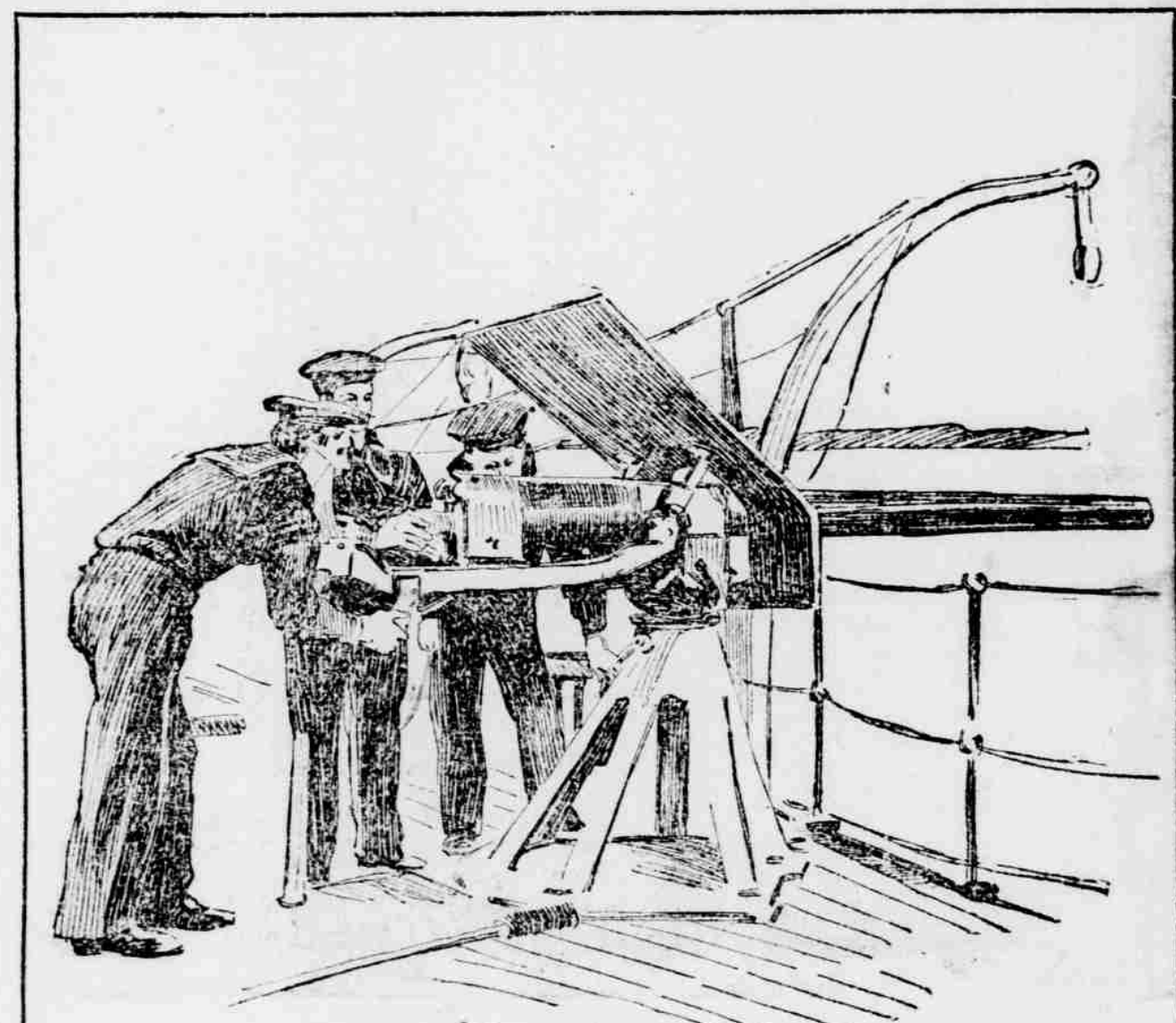
From the cathedral comes one of the most popular women in New York, Mrs. Neilson, as dark as her brother, Fred Gebhard, but she has a face full of animation, while her eyes sparkle like twin stars. She has hundreds of friends, and it is said of her that no woman in the fashionable set does as much good among the poor, for Mrs. Neilson does not allow her charity to go through the hands of a third person, but she visits the sick and those in trouble herself and sees that they are helped as they should be. It was she who started the fashionable sewing class, the "O. N.," which many thought applied to a popular brand of cotton; but, no, it stood for "Oedrichs Neilson." Mrs. Charles Oedrichs, Mrs. Neilson's bosom friend, having been her

continually thinking well of others we grow to be good ourselves. Undoubtedly that is true. When you and I allow our thoughts to linger on the good and beautiful, how can we accept any beliefs but those which make all the world good and all the people in it lovely?

That was the sermon I heard, and as I walked along, making one in the Easter procession, I was glad to be there, because I love to look at pretty women and dream of lovely things. And there are so many of each in this world—this great new world, so rich in everything that is good! Somebody near me whispers that in a little while it will all be changed, others will form the procession, and you and I will be—where? To-day we are not thinking of that. We are thinking of the sunshine, and the flowers, and we are glad that the fashionable colors are the ones that permit the wearing of violets and roses and gorgeous yellow blossoms. Then you remember, or I whisper to you, what a poet of froils and frivols, wrote about the fashionable shade of pink.

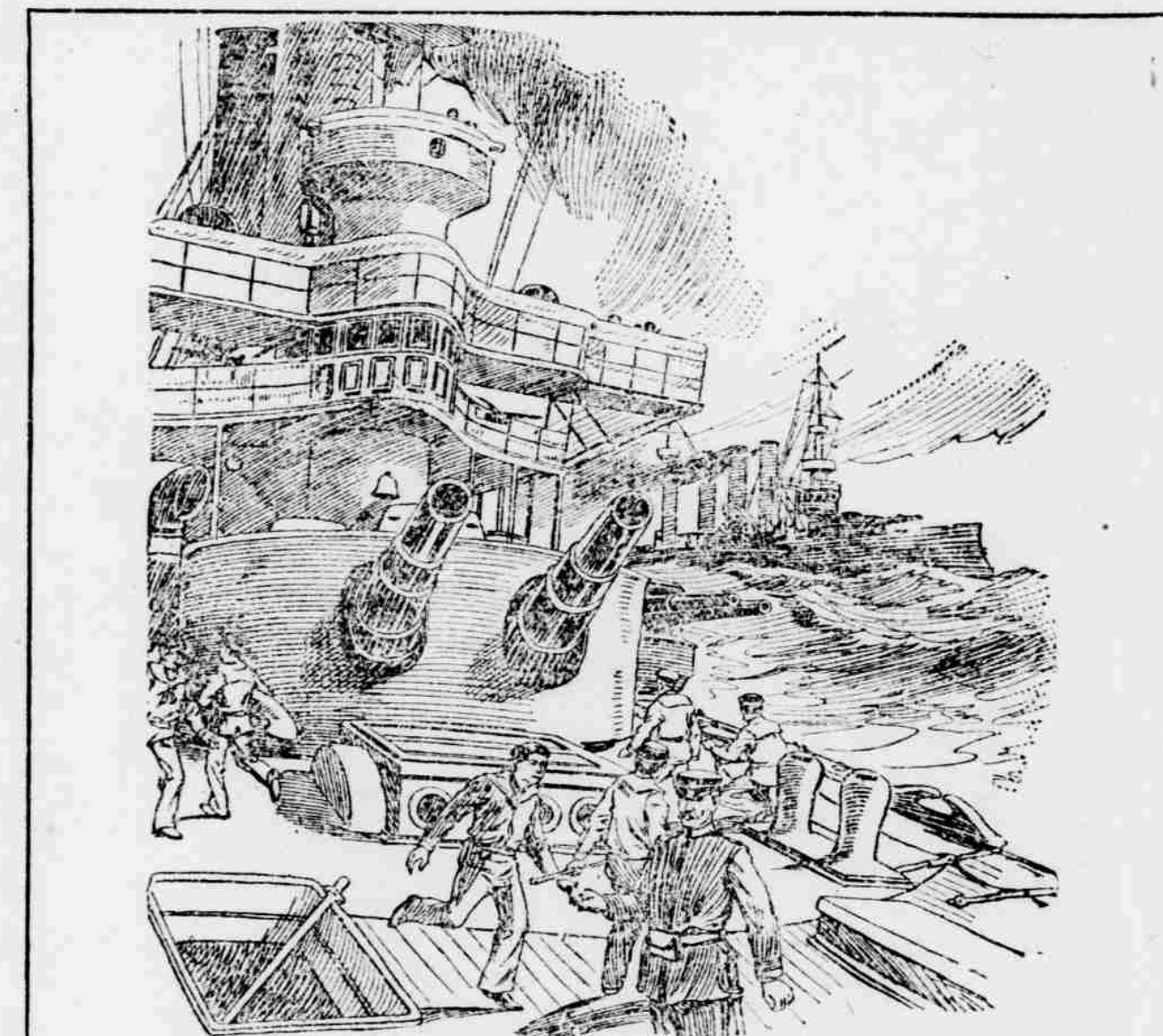
This frock, when it's made with most exquisite taste

And fits like a glove on the shoulder, With yoke and full plaits and a band at



FIRING A SIX POUNDER.

Six pounder rapid fire guns are conspicuous because of their numbers in the secondary batteries of Uncle Sam's warships. The Indiana, Iowa, Oregon and Massachusetts each carries twenty and the Kentucky and Kearsarge will each have sixteen.



PREPARING FOR ACTION.

It is but a step in imagination (and sometimes in fact) from preparation for action on board a man of war to actual conflict with the enemy, and yet perfect order and calmness mark every movement. The picture shows a United States warship making ready for serious work.

more girl who made one of the great marriages of the day. She is fair and eminently refined looking, while in her face there seems to be the story of her life—the life of a young woman happily married, the mother of a dearly loved son and the pride of her husband. That is Mrs. Tallor, who in Baltimore used to be called "Pretty Marie Sterling."

WHERE THEY GO TO CHURCH.

On Easter some people go down to Trinity and after service walk around in the quiet old church yard. Some drift into Trinity chapel or find themselves in Grace church or listening to Father Ducey, at St. Leo's, or in the cathedral saying prayers amid all the magnificence of architecture, of flowers and of music. Perhaps if you are young and very gay you go to the church, that is controlled by a very fashionable preacher, known as "The Church of the Holy Flirtation," where the text and the sermon are always the same, "Love Your Neighbor," and the one question asked, "Who is my neighbor?"

You nod and laugh as you meet the Hewitt girls. Everybody who knows them calls them that, for everybody who knows them likes them. Pretty? Not at all, but so altogether delightful and full of fun that they are something better than pretty. Near them and evidently talking about some new scheme of

partner in founding it. This sewing class did great work during Lent and sent over 800 little garments to the foundling asylum and so made 800 little children comfortable and happy. There is many a fashionable woman this Easter morning who during the Lenten days has worked hard and denied herself many a luxury that her pet charity might gain by it.

PRESENTS OF FLOWER POTS.

Every third person on the avenue is met her. On this Easter morning you are walking with her in the procession. Ah, well, belief in humanity is a necessity on Easter morning, and now what you want to hope for is that she may find you the "pink of perfection," and I—well, I wish you a happy Easter day, and trust that you got up early enough to see the sun dance. Oh, it did! It did! I assure you it did on the word and honor of B.A.B.

the waist.

Will gladden the passing beholder.

With lace and with buttons of mother o' pearl—

You'll say on maturest reflection The best of all garbs for a pretty girl No doubt is the pink of perfection.

And when you meet her—but you have met her. On this Easter morning you are walking with her in the procession. Ah, well, belief in humanity is a necessity on Easter morning, and now what you want to hope for is that she may find you the "pink of perfection," and I—well, I wish you a happy Easter day, and trust that you got up early enough to see the sun dance. Oh, it did! It did! I assure you it did on the word and honor of B.A.B.

In Lent—

No smiles allure, She looks demure And like a nun all gown'd in gray, With modest mien, And face serene

As down the aisle she takes her way.

I upward look, From my hymn book, And wonder, as my pew she passes

"Can this be May, This saint in gray, Devout in penitential ashes?"

Our mischievous people tell the ne-

Bill Arp Writes on War

Says the People do Not Appear to be Much Concerned---Congress is Bewildered.

War is a big thing—an awful thing—but our people do not seem to be very much concerned. They have more curiosity than apprehension. The great excitement is at Washington, and even there it is based not upon fear or blood or suffering, but upon the struggle between the two great political parties—which one shall get ahead and what move is the best one to get ahead and stay there. Whatever McKinley does or proposes to do the Democrats must fight it and vice versa. The success of the party is a bigger thing than war. We have never seen Congress so bewildered. Some are for intervention, some for recognition, some for annexation and all for revenge. Wall street sees nothing but the money that is in

groes they have got to go and do all the fighting for it is McKinley's war and they all voted for him. The boys read to them paragraphs from the Northern papers which say that Northern soldiers would die of fever in Cuba in a week and that only Southern negroes can stand the climate. Lots of them around here are fixing to hide out and have done picked out their canebreaks. Clarence, the drayman, is a leader, a leader in elections, and he says: "I never voted for any war. I ain't gwine to fight. I ain't done nothin' to nobody and nobody ain't done nothin' to me. I ain't mad wid nobody and how can a man fight widout he's mad. Mr. Akerman and Mr. Crawford got me into dis scrape and dey must git me out. I wonder if dey is gwine to do war."

Last Sunday I saw a gang of negroes standing around a preacher and he was reading the big headlines of The Constitution to them. There is a large pictorial recruiting poster in the post-office and they stand off and look at it with serious alarm. But they are not going from these parts, neither are the white people going right now. Old man Ingram was a good fighter in the last war and seemed to like the business and he says he wouldn't mind going if they will let him fight under General Lee and wear gray clothes. My friend, Captain Dobbs, says he will go along with Dr. Callhoun and will skirmish around awhile and get sick and get the doctor to give him a discharge at the end of three months and then he will come home and draw a pension all the rest of his life.

Well, if it has to be war Mr. McKinley had better turn it over to General Lee to fight it.

Big things are piling in on us just now. The state canvass for state officials is now going on and getting red hot, and it takes nearly all our time to keep up with that and the war too. Maybe we shall need another war governor, and if we do Colonel Chandler has had more experience in that line than some other folks.

Colonel Renfree could take care of the negro convicts and march them to the front just like old Joe Brown did the 200 convicts in the penitentiary when Sherman came along. Governor Brown went down there with a wagon load of gray clothes and made them take off their stripes and he gave them all guns and had them to elect their officers and then made them a speech and said:

"Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens, Soldiers: It doesn't follow that because you are convicts you are not patriots. Now is the great opportunity of your lives to redeem yourselves and wipe off the disgrace from yourselves and your kindred. The enemy is at your doors and you must fight him—yes!"

"Fight till the last armed foe expires— Fight for your altars and your fires, God and your native land."

And they hailed their freedom with a shout and they marched forth like new men, and they did fight. Just so, Colonel Renfree could march the 2,000 negro convicts forth and under his lead they, too, will fight.

Then here is the cold wintry blast that has come over our country and killed our fruit and vegetables and paralyzed our hopes. Our most forward peaches are not killed, but our potatoes are utterly prostrated. They will come out again and I think will make us a good crop. Two years ago mine were killed down to the ground, but they came out again and I never had a better crop. This leads me to think that maybe they had better be cut down early and then they would make more fruit and less vines. My wife threw all sorts of old clothes over her. Mareschal Neil rose vine that was full of buds. My neighbors covered up their beans and toots, and some of them spread newspapers over their potatoes and saved them. I was away down in Greensboro the coldest night and it was not cold enough there to kill anything. A few degrees of latitude makes a great difference. Mr. Marbury, the weather man, foretold us of this coming freeze and I have great faith in him. When the weather bureau was first established we thought it was a humbug, but long observation has convinced the world that the winds and the waves and the weather are not the mystery they used to be. Science has revealed their courses and their changes, and the telegraph tells it truly many hours beforehand. [The scriptures say: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and ye hear the sound thereof, but ye cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth."]

But we can tell now and can fortify against disasters on land and perils on the deep. Verily, there is something new under the sun.

I was ruminating about the classic town of Greensboro, one of the oldest towns in the State. What a beautiful roads and streets. What attractive homes and pretty mansions. What wealth of lovely flowers. I saw wisterias there growing wild and bowing upon old dead trees. Many of these stately antebellum mansions still have the old fluted columns and the parapet roofs that were so common in the olden time. I saw the old Cone mansion and the house where William C. Dawson lived. I went to college with the Dawson boys, but they are dead and left no sign. I heard their father make a speech in

(Continued on Second Page.)